Dreamed of This by BeautyInChains

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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington/Jim "Chief" Hopper
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Summary:

“Are you sure?” Hopper asks. His voice is gruff and low, strained. Billy’s powerful, golden body is veiled in a thin sheen of sweat. His muscles jump and ripple with the effort of remaining still where he’s seated against Steve’s hips. Where Steve’s long, thick cock is buried deep inside Billy. Where Hopper has three fingers curling in alongside him. Steve’s biting his lip something fierce, his knuckles white where his fingers grip Billy’s hips. “It doesn’t have to be tonight.”

Dreamed of This

Author's Note:

> Tumblr prompt fill for En's NSFW Fic Starters 51-"I've dreamed of this so many times." and 38-Double Penetration.
>
> I've never written DP before, so I struggled with this for quite a while. But, I am pleased with the result and I hope that others will be too <3
>
> Unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

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Hopper runs his free hand down Billy’s back, soothing. Steve’s toes curl. He’s trying so hard not to roll and thrust the way his body wants him to. He’s come three times already in an effort to mitigate the inevitable and he still looks fit to blow. Steve sucks hard on his lip as Billy shifts forward. Steve can feel everything. The molten clutch of Billy’s body, the curves and edges of Hopper’s thick fingers pressed tight against him, the slippery slick lube running down his tight balls.

“God, *please*,” Billy whimpers, “Daddy, please. I’ve dreamed of this so many fuckin’ times, I want it. Want it so bad.”

Hopper exhales sharply through his nose. That’s it. That’s what he wanted to hear. The explicit permission. The longing and desire. “Okay, baby. It’s okay. I’ve got you,” he says, pressing a kiss to Billy’s shoulder. “Just relax, sweetheart. Steve, you good?”

“Uh huh,” Steve replies, breathy and so desperate.

Hopper moves slowly and methodically as he eases his fingers from Billy's body. Billy moans as Hopper frees himself, wet hole gaping and fluttering around Steve's cock.Steve's still holding on for dear life, breathing in and out through his nose, thighs shaking as Hopper straddles him and presses in close behind Billy. Billy mewls at the heat of Hopper's cock, hard and wet at the tip, as it brushes against his ass. Hopper murmurs a stream of soothing endearments as he slicks up his cock until he's almost dripping.

"Billy, baby. We're gonna need you to lift up. Just a bit. Just a bit so you can let me in."

"Oh fuck," Steve hisses as Billy moves to obey.

"*Daddy*."

"I know, sweetheart. We're almost there," Hopper says as he crowds himself against Billy's body, lines his cock up next to Steve's, cockhead nudging against Steve's dick, against Billy's pink hole. Hopper groans as he feels the fat head pop past the tight ring of muscle, as he feels Steve's cock pulse and surge against his own. "*Jesus*, you're so fuckin' tight like this."

Sweat is running down Billy's back now, curls swaying in front of his eyes as he braces himself over Steve's body. Steve's eyes are scrunched shut against the sensations, tongue playing across his swollen lips. Hopper eases in slowly, feeding his cock into Billy inch by glorious inch until he's buried as deep as Billy's body will allow.

"*Fuck*," Billy swears, "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Hopper blows out a harsh breath against the back of Billy's neck, "I know, sweetheart. Doin' so well."

"I'm so fuckin' full," he sobs.

Steve whines, hips hitching despite his best efforts causing the other two to moan, "Billy. *Billy*, can I move? Please can I move?"

Billy eases down slow, forearms bracketing Steve's head, noses brushing, "Uh huh."

Hopper arms wraps around Billy's waist, bracing him as Steve rolls his hips up and in. Billy makes a choked sound that gets caught in his throat. Hopper growls at the feel of Steve's cock sliding against his. He lets Steve find a rhythm, however clumsy and stilted, before thrusting at a counterpoint. Hopper finds himself entranced by the sight of Billy's hole, puffy now and so pink, stretched wider than it's ever been. Entranced by the sight of Steve's long, thick cock pressed tight against his own, sliding and grinding. Hopper can feel every bump and ridge, every vein, every heady pulse.

Hopper cups a big hand around Billy's dripping cock, presses his against his slick belly so it drags against the twitching muscles there with every thrust. Steve's rhythm is beginning to falter. Hopper's free hand finds Steve's where it's gripping Billy's hip, twining their fingers together and squeezing. Steve's brows furrow deeply, jaw lolling open.

"*Daddy*," Steve says breathlessly and Billy whines at the sound of his voice. Billy's split, *wrecked*, but he knows that Steve needs to hear.

"It's okay. Come on, baby. Fill me up. Let us feel it."

Hopper knows what's coming, but it catches him off guard none the less. The way Steve's body goes taut, the way his cock grows impossibly hard and pulses against Hopper. The way he floods Billy's aching body with hot jizz, the way it fills him, so deeply. The way the wet heat curls around Hopper's cock. Billy heaves a sob, body convulsing, rippling around their cocks as he spurts over Hopper's fingers and his own belly.

Hopper has no choice but to follow with the way Billy's body clutches at them, wringing Hopper's release from him. He fucks in and spills, hot and thick, adding to the mess Steve's made. Billy's wailing, body shaking as Hopper growls and rocks through it. Steve's knuckles crack under the pressure of Hopper's grasp.

"*Fuck*," Hopper rumbles, forehead dropping between Billy's glistening shoulder blades, "Fuck, baby."

"I can't, Daddy, too much!"

“Shh, sweetheart. It’s okay. I’ve got you. We’ve got you.”

It takes everything he has left for Hopper to pull himself together, to settle back onto his aching knees and grip the base of his cock. Hopper moves slow as ever, easing out of Billy’s body the same way he entered. A flood of come follows as Billy’s body gapes and flutters. Steve hisses and squirms below as jizz rolls down the length of his cock, down his balls. Hopper’s never seen such a mess, even in all his years.

“That’s it,” Hopper says encouragingly as he help lift Billy’s hips, as Steve’s softening cock slips free. More come spills and oozes from Billy’s fucked out hole. The sheets below are ruined. At this rate they’ll all be sleeping in the wet spot, but Hopper can’t bring himself to care.

“Thank you,” Billy sniffles softly as Steve strokes the hair out of his sweaty, tear-streaked face. Hopper manhandles Billy onto his side between them, eyes locking with Steve’s over Billy’s shoulder as they stroke over his side.

“Everything you dreamed it would be?” Steve asks, curious.

Billy’s toes curl against Steve’s, his curls tickling Hopper’s beard, “And more.”